

A Paper of Art and Literature.

NO. 25.

The unfortunate Peter has drowned his reason in wine. Catherine implores him; he hearkens not to her; he looks upon her and recognizes her not. "He had promised to drink no more," he only replies, "let him be shot!" The order is

about to be executed, when suddenly the vapors of wine disappear; Peter remembers the voice he has heard, the eyes which looked upon him; it is Catherine whom he saw and heard. He summons the corporal; by a providential chance the undisciplined soldier has not been shot; she escaped at the moment when the balls were about to strike her. A stream was before her; she leaps therein, having first dropped a paper addressed to Peter. This paper encloses the ring the carpenter had formerly given her, and the secret of the conspiracy woven against Peter the Great.

The trumpets sound, the army is on foot. Peter advances, and fears not to declare himself to his soldiers. At the name of the Czar, the conspirators fall on their knees; Peter the Great places himself at their head, and leads them on to victory. O'er hill and dale their national hymn resounds; general enthusiasm. At this moment the spectacle is one of magic beauty; the stage presents one of the most magnificent tableaux the imagination can conjure up. The music is quite equal to the spectacle.

(Conclusion next week.)

Mendelssohn.

(Continued from p. 183.)

On the 26th of March, 1829, Felix wrote to Moscheles, from Berlin, an account of the performance of Bach's Passion Music. The proceeds of this concert had been generously handed over by the directors to the managers of two charitable institutions. In the letter alluded to, Felix told his friend of his intended visit to England, and we find him in London on the 20th of April following. His name was known already in the musical circles, since Moscheles, as conductor of the Philharmonic Society, had invited public attention to his rising genius, and the members of that body were eager to give him an honorable reception and a fair trial. We shall see that he did not visit England empty-handed. Besides a chorale in A minor, and a motet for sixteen voices, he brought his first stringed quartet in A minor. The overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was performed for the first time in London, and repeated with great applause on the 13th of July, at a concert given by Henrietta Sontag. On this occasion, Felix and Moscheles played, from an unpublished score, a concerto in E major, for two pianofortes. A tour through Scotland, shortly after his arrival in England, suggested the thoughts of an overture to *Fingal's Cave*, or *The Hebrides*, which, I believe, was written in the same year, after his return to Berlin.* A curious story is told of this composition. His sisters asked Felix for some description of the cave. "Come, tell us something about the Hebrides." "I can't," said Felix; "it's impossible, except on the piano." He then seated himself at the instrument, and extemporized on those ideas which were afterwards condensed in the shape of an overture.

In the month of May, 1830, Mendelssohn went to Weimar, and, after staying some weeks with Goethe, visited Munich, where Fräulein Delphine Schaurott happened to be giving concerts, and adding greatly to her reputation as a pianiste. Felix, who admired her playing, appears always to have felt a deep interest in this lady; and it is said he presented her with the song in Op. 19, "Bringet des treuesten Herzen's Grüsse," which was composed at Rome. Hildebrand, Hübner, and Bendemann joined Felix in his journey to Italy, and he remained at Rome from the 1st of November to the April of 1831. During that period he set the *First Walpurgis Night* of Goethe to music,† and wrote the music to the 115th Psalm, several sacred pieces, three motets

* This overture, according to M. Berlioz, was composed at Rome.

† Which he afterwards almost entirely rewrote.

for the nuns of Santa Trinita, and the first volume of the *Songs without Words*. In the February of 1832, he went to Paris, to conduct his overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. This was the third and, as far as I know, the last time in his life that he visited the French capital. He had been there with his father as a boy of ten years old, but neither the climate nor the people seem to have suited him. On the 22nd of April he returned to London, bringing with him three most valuable manuscripts—the *Walpurgis Night*, the overture to the *Hebrides*, and the concerto in G minor for pianoforte and orchestra. The overture was played for the first time on the 14th of May. In the latter end of the month following, Felix was once more found in Berlin. During his absence from Germany, the office of director to the Vocal Academy at Berlin had become vacant, and Felix became an unsuccessful candidate for the post, which was given to Runghagen. This was probably a job of the "Dii minorum gentium," whose appreciation and judgment have been alluded to in a former number. But disappointment failed to crush the ardent and active Felix, who gave a series of concerts in aid of charitable institutions, and seemed bent on winning the good will of the Berliners, if not by his genius, at least by his benevolence. A reward came soon, in the shape of an invitation to conduct the Düsseldorf Festival; and, Felix, after what had lately happened, acknowledged and accepted the compliment with gratitude.

A new period in Mendelssohn's life dates from his first stay in Düsseldorf. We have already sketched what we shall call the first two periods in his career: that of his early years, and the second, which he devoted to travelling. The third, at which we have now arrived, convinced the world of his great original powers. He had hitherto contended with much opposition. It is sad to think of the uphill work and misgivings of heart which are inseparable from all great and persevering spirits. In Mendelssohn's case, I believe that the firm friendship of a faithful few did much to alleviate his toil and cheer him on. Possessed of this, he was comparatively callous to the fact that "the world knows nothing of her greatest men;" and his friends played their part nobly, in assuring all around them that Germany knew not the value of her son. At Düsseldorf, Felix joined the society of those artists who had travelled with him through Italy. They all welcomed him as an old companion; and Wilhelm Schadow, who was the foremost among the number, became one of Felix's best and most intimate friends. Before, however, we follow Mendelssohn in this new sphere of action, we should not omit to mention another visit to London, remembering that the Düsseldorf Festival took place between his first and second journey to England in 1833.

He arrived in London on the 25th of April, and in two days from that time composed, jointly with Moscheles, variations on the "Zigeuner Marsch," from *Preciosa*; this was played in public by the two composers on the 11th of May, and so often (it is said) had these two artists played and studied together, so familiar were they with each other's thoughts and expressions, that in private circles they not unfrequently extemporized together on the same instrument. On the 13th of May, Mendelssohn's symphony, in A major, was given at the Philharmonic Society.* On the 15th, the variations from *Preciosa* were repeated.

After the Düsseldorf Festival, he returned to England with his father. On the 10th of June an overture, in C major, was introduced to the public, and, at this period, he showed Moscheles the manuscript of his beautiful overture to *Melusine*. A picture in Düsseldorf had suggested the subject of this music, which was given for the first time on the 7th April, 1834, and met with very qualified applause. It was performed again on the 8th of May following, at Moscheles' own concert, and was better appreciated than on the occasion of its first trial. Mendelssohn's reply to Moscheles, who wrote him an account of the earlier concert, is not without interest. He thanks

* The one which has now become so popular, under the name of the "Italian Symphony."

him heartily for the zeal and care taken in introducing the overture to a critical audience, and owns modestly to self-satisfaction after Moscheles' favorable opinion of its merits as a composition. "Your encouragement," (he says) "is essential to keep up my spirits; distrust of my own powers would ensue if you failed to encourage me; your applause is dearer than ribbons and orders." He then gives some hints as to further improvement. "The wind instruments must be kept under, and the leading idea in the overture be played *ppp*. Without boisterous playing the whole overture will be a different thing: it will sound *frischiger*, and I shall be better pleased." Felix left London on the 25th of August, 1833, and took up his abode in Düsseldorf. At the great festival which introduced him as a conductor to the musical world at Düsseldorf, his Overture in C major, Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, the Overture to *Leonora* and Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven, an Easter cantata by Wolf, and *Die Nacht der Töne*, by Winter, formed the chief features of the programme. Felix played Weber's *Concert-Stück* with great applause, and the directors were so satisfied with the success of the whole undertaking, that they induced him to consent to remain for three years, during which time he would be required to lead the weekly meetings of the "Singverein," the Winter Concerts, and also the music in the Catholic Church. An unlucky circumstance at this period deprived the world of a treasure which, we believe, would have been "for all time." Immermann, a friend of Mendelssohn's, had, at the latter's request, prepared a libretto for Shakspeare's *Tempest*, which Felix longed to set to music; but the manuscript was declined by the musician, and, as no alteration was volunteered by Immermann, the whole project fell to the ground. What Felix would have made of this beautiful poem need scarcely be demanded by those who have heard his music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Can we doubt that he, who understood Puck and his gambols as well as any Englishman living, would have written just as fairy-like strains for the dainty Ariel? The solemn Prospero, and sweet Miranda, too—what subjects for one who loved to write of the fairy world, and to heighten the interest of a romance with his own passionate music! The wild, the ethereal, and unseen, "such stuff as dreams are made of," have been nobly treated in modern days, by two stars shining in the same sphere—Carl Maria von Weber, and Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

[To be continued.]

Choir Singing.

DEAR MR. DWIGHT.—I am led to think, from a somewhat dreary experience, that nothing is more rare than good choir-singing; and as scarce anything is more agreeable in its peculiar sphere, I cannot forbear giving you an account of some which I had the good fortune to hear recently during a visit to a neighboring town, in the hope that some one of those engaged in conducting choirs may derive a hint or two of value from the narration.

After mature reflection I am disposed to say that the essential requisites to good church music are good voices, good tunes and taste; perhaps this opinion is in a manner forced upon me by the fact that they were the attributes of the choir in question, and which produced the most pleasing music by far which I remember to have heard. Each of the voices was good in itself, one or two of them very valuable, and the four blended harmoniously, both from their own sympathetic qualities and from long practice together; they were so well balanced that the listener could trace each through the entire piece or get the full effect of the chords, as he pleased; and the evenness of tone, the taste and finish of the entire service, and the high character of the

compositions combined to render it to me a memorable occasion.

I procured a list of the selections, thinking them very happy, which were as follows. (I should tell you by the way, that this society was not of the Episcopal denomination, and that the words: "Now unto the King Eternal," &c., were substituted in the chants for the customary *Gloria Patri*.) Morning: opened with Old English Chant, by Rev. T. Pears, from the collection used in the Queen's Chapel, Windsor; voluntary, after first prayer, from Quintet by Biery, "Hear me, O Lord," adapted from Novello's Collection of Concert Music; both hymns were from the "Beethoven Collection," published in New York. Afternoon: chant, *Deus Misereatur*, by R. Turle; manuscript hymn in 7s metre by one of the choir, a charming bit of graceful, flowing harmony; voluntary, *In Te confido*, Himmel ("In Thee, O Lord, will I ever trust.")

There has been much good sacred music written within the last two centuries, and some little continues to be composed even in our time, though one might justly be incredulous of the fact; and so entirely to avoid the ocean of trash, which has been poured into our country towns, as in the above selection, would seem to assure us that taste in choir-singing is not actually contrary to the fundamental laws of nature; it is however so remarkable that I have felt it my duty to call your attention to this most extraordinary instance; and I can only hope it may have the effect of suggesting to some of your readers the idea of using a choir for the production of such music as is really sacred.

[From Willis's Musical World and Times.]

The Philharmonic Society.

NEW YORK, March 9, 1854.

DEAR SIR:—In your journal of the 4th inst. appears a letter from Mr. George F. Bristow, in which he undertakes to censure the spirit and action of the N. Y. Philharmonic Society in such a remarkable and unjustifiable manner that the Board of Directors feel it a duty to the Public and their constituents to make a reply, which, they are sure, will set the matter right, and which they hope you will have the goodness to insert in your journal of next week. In fact, an answer on our part would hardly seem to be required, as in the short Reply you made to the above letter, you have already, in behalf of the Society, met satisfactorily the charges which Mr. B. proffers; yet there are several statements in that letter so utterly inaccurate and so unjust, that we cannot let them pass unnoticed, the more so, as by a mere reference to the records of the Society they can be thoroughly refuted.

First, then, Mr. B. finds fault (as we understand it) that during the eleven years' existence of the Society there have been played but *two American* compositions at the concerts and rehearsals, and these an Overture and Symphony of his. Now, the Society had existed *four* years, before any *American* composition was suggested to the members for performance, which at once reduces Mr. B.'s eleven years to a period of *seven* years, thus materially weakening his position, were it otherwise tenable. During the interval of the remaining seven years, several American productions by either native or adopted citizens of this country were brought to the notice of the Society and performed as follows:

Overture to *Marmion*, by Geo. Loder, (English,) performed twice at concerts.

Overture by H. Saroni, (German,) performed at public rehearsal.

Overture by F. G. Hansen, (German,) performed at public rehearsal.

Overture by Theo. Eisfeld, (German,) performed at public rehearsal.

Overture by Geo. F. Bristow, (American,) performed at concert.

Indian March by F. E. Miggel, (French,) performed at public rehearsal.

Descriptive Battle-Symphony, by Knebel, (German,) at public rehearsal.

Symphony No. 1 by George F. Bristow, (American,) performed twice at public rehearsal.

Duetto for two Cornets, by Dodworth, (American,) performed at concert.

Serenade, by William Mason, (American,) performed at concert.

Several songs by W. V. Wallace, (Irish,) performed at concert.

Application was also made by Mr. A. P. Heinrich, (German,) for the performance of several of his compositions, and when he was informed that the society was ready, he withdrew.

All these compositions were written on American soil, it is true, but as does appear, not solely by native Americans: and we hold that only such a work is the production of American Art as emanates from an American mind, that is from a native of the country: but be this as it may, and waiving the point altogether for the sake of argument, we certainly think that the above statement sufficiently shows, that justice has been done as well to Mr. B. as to other American composers, either native or adopted citizens: and may we not add here, since speaking particularly of Mr. B., that his merits and talents as a musician and composer, have never for a moment, to our best knowledge, been called in question by any of the members of our Society. That, however, the directors of the Society do not hesitate to acknowledge the great superiority of the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Weber, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Gade, Bennett, Schumann, Cherubini, Rossini, Spontini, Mehul, Berlioz, &c., &c., to those of Mr. B. or any other American composer, now publicly known, and that for the promotion of Art in this country they feel it their duty to cause the works of the former to be played *most frequently*, no one who knows anything about the matter, and is able to judge impartially, will for a moment find strange or unjustifiable. Were the tendency a different one, the Directors would betray the trust vested in them by the second clause of article I. of the constitution, which says that "the object of the Society shall be the *cultivation and performance of Instrumental music*;" and acting otherwise than they have done, the Society would most signally have failed in the honest endeavor to contribute in elevating Art, and raising the standard of Music in this country.

Secondly, Mr. B. says, that since the commencement of the Society there has been, on the part of the members and direction, little short of a *conspiracy* against Art in this country, and that there exists in the Society a *systematized effort* for the extinction of American Music. These charges, although made very positively, are really so absurd, that in answer to them we simply challenge Mr. B. to prove his assertions; for in his letter there is not one word to substantiate them.

The third fault Mr. B. finds is, that the execution of the Philharmonic performers was three years ago better than it is now, although at that time he says, the members individually were not as competent as they are at present. As to this point, we are willing to abide by the decision of those who have been in the habit of simply *listening* to our performances for the last five years, without allowing their minds to be disturbed by those rancorous feelings, which envy and jealousy, as well as disappointed ambition, sometimes call forth. We willingly admit, however, that much remains to be desired in the results of our performances, and only regret that circumstances beyond our control often prevent the execution of the pieces from being as perfect as we feel they ought to be. It is, after all, much easier to pass judgment and find fault than to do better.

Having thus met Mr. B.'s charges, which for his sake we wish he had framed in a somewhat nobler spirit, and on the weight of which he might have reflected more deliberately, we entirely refrain from taking any notice whatever of those parts of his letter which have no bearing on the subject in consideration, and which, we believe, have been pronounced as in exceeding bad taste and entirely uncalled for. Nor can we imagine, from the acquaintance and brotherhood we have had with Mr. Bristow for some time past, that all he said was the result of his own heart's convictions, but rather that he has been advised into pursuing this strange course by would-be-friends, whose advice and undue adulation he would much better have done without. To abuse is a very easy thing: but although Mr. B. has seen fit to take this mode of arguing, we certainly cannot and will not stoop to it, and, with a simple statement of the facts, take leave of him, fearing and regretting that by so hasty proceeding on his part he may have alienated from himself sympathies, which hitherto have always been cordially rendered him.

We must finally be permitted to indulge in the remark, that in our opinion it would have been more manly in Mr. B., honestly and frankly to have laid his grievances, if he had any, before the

Society, for which he had ample opportunity, instead of writing and publishing a letter full of vehemence and passion, condemnatory of a body of musicians, of which he had been himself a member for many years, [and of late one of the leading men,] and in whose spirit and action he has always acquiesced from the commencement of his membership up to his late extraordinary attack in your journal.

Taking this opportunity of thanking you for the interest you have always shown for the welfare and progress of our Institution, we remain

Very respectfully yours,

H. C. TIMM, President.

U. C. HILL, Vice President,
L. SPIER, Secretary,
WM. SCHARFENBERG, Treas.
T. L. ENSIGN, Librarian,
THEO. EISEL, Asst. Sec'y.

Board of Directors.

At the regular meeting of the Society on Saturday, March 11th, the above letter was read and fully concurred in, and voted to be published in Willis's *Musical World*, there being only three dissentient votes. Of these, one was declared to be so because the voter preferred that no notice whatever should be taken of Mr. Bristow's letter.

Subsequently, Mr. B.'s resignation, as one of the Board of Directors and as performing member of the Society, was accepted, and Mr. Beames elected in his stead as Assistant Director.

On motion of Mr. U. C. Hill, Mr. Richard Hoffman was then duly elected an Honorary member of the N. Y. Philharmonic Society.

Music in Paris.

[Extract from a private Letter.]

PARIS, FEB. 21, 1854.

MY DEAR DWIGHT:

By the kindness of a friend, I had a ticket to the second concert of the Conservatoire Imperial. You may suppose that I eagerly embraced the opportunity of hearing one of these far-famed concerts. Let others run after operas and great singers;—for the truest and deepest pleasure, give me a concert of pure instrumental music. These concerts are not always accessible to non-subscribers, as the seats are taken and held year after year by the regular subscribers. So I considered myself lucky to get in. We had 1st, a symphony of Beethoven; 2d, a chorus from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, the solo part sung very fairly by Mlle. Boulard, one of the pupils of the Conservatoire, who has received a prize; 3d, a truly naïve and charming dance of Gluck, from *Iphigénie en Aulide*; 4th, a Trio from Haydn's *Armide*, sung by pupils of the Conservatoire; and lastly, the whole of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream." The instrumental part of the performance seemed to me as perfect as one could desire. The last especially lingers in my memory as complete and soul-sufficing as Shakespeare himself. Never have I heard all those subtle, fantastic harmonies of Mendelssohn, those dreamy, glancing lights and shadows which captivate one so from the beginning to the end of this work, so perfectly rendered. And the grand, exulting, barbaric movement of the Wedding March—where Theseus and Hippolyta pass by, with elephants and camels and barbed steeds, and all the splendor of Indian costume covering the grand Grecian simplicity of form—was never so truly represented by any orchestra.

At the Italian Opera I heard Mario again in the *Sonnambula*, when he poured himself forth in such bursts of magnificent, such impassioned, such tender tones as I have never heard approached by any other male voice. The *Elisir d'Amore* was very well sustained by Gardoni, a very tender and sweet tenor; Rossi, a capital Dulcamaro; Tamburini, who did the best he

could amid the ruins of his former voice; and Frezzolini, who did well enough as prima donna, but whom one hears as if he were hearing her on trial, and who, when she does anything in a manner approaching to *abandon*, is most kindly and patronizingly applauded.

Here you have the extent of my experience in the world of music in Paris. I hear all about me talk of brilliant successes. Cruvelli I hear of as the rival of Rachel in acting, but of her voice as not particularly sympathetic. Meyerbeer's new opera at the Comique, *l'Etoile du Nord*, is praised highly in Galignani, and all seats taken for the representation for some time to come. Such things float about me as I oscillate daily between my lodgings and my atelier. When any of these drops of ethereal essence ooze into my ears, I will endeavor to make a distillation thereof, and bottle up something of their aroma for your use. c.

Letter from the Diarist.

Editor of Dwight's Journal of Music.

THREE PAIR BACK, March 19, 1854.

DEAR SIR,—Towards the conclusion of my XLth communication of jottings, published in your Journal of the 25th ultimo, there are a few sentences not "merely of an allusive character" as to the career of certain composers, which seem to have been considered "sufficient matter for comment." As you have admitted a letter into your paper of yesterday, two columns and a half of which are strictures upon those few sentences, and these strictures most decidedly "reflect upon my general accuracy," I feel impelled, against my will, to notice the matter and show that I was right.

Before "going in detail into the lives of those composers, which have been so often given," the following positions and facts may be set forth:—

1. A young composer must make a reputation before his musical abilities will procure him a subsistence—must have "praise before he gets his pudding;" if he strikes out a new path, he must expect to meet not only the opposition of those who already have the public ear, and are in possession of the stage, but that of the singers and musicians generally, to whom the greater the novelty the greater the labor; and when so much reputation is gained as to warrant his aspirations for an engagement either as composer or director, or both, he carries his commodity—his genius and talents—to whatever market offers a demand.

2. Of the four great German composers, Handel, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, two not only pleased the "appreciative few," but became popular, and enjoyed the benefits of popularity. The other two, in spite of their own utter want of all knowledge of economy and the value of money, were sustained, supported, and not allowed to "starve or live in garrets" by the "appreciative few."

3. He that follows Fétis in minor matters of historic detail, especially in relation to German composers, follows an *ignis fatuus*; and the Quixote who undertakes a tilt against facts and statements drawn from original German sources without knowing that language, is in precisely the position, in which the author of "A Letter to Mr. Willis" finds those critics of "Santa Claus" who cannot read the score.

4. "If this is a free fight, count me in."

The preliminaries being thus adjusted, I shall proceed to a somewhat particular discussion of the pecuniary condition of the four composers named above; 1. because this has never been done, 2. because their alleged poverty is harped upon so continually by fanciful and imaginative writers, and 3. "to show you how accurate I am in what I say of all, even the most trivial matters."

HANDEL. In 1698 he went to Berlin, where Attilio Ariosti used to take him upon his knees and hear him play the harpsichord. The Kurfürst—he had not then assumed the title of King—offered to send him to Italy, (rather appreciative that), but his friends thought a boy of thirteen had better go back to Halle to his father. His

father died and the boy in 1703 went to Hamburg and entered Keiser's orchestra at the opera as a violinist. Keiser got into debt and ran away. There were two harpsichords in the theatre, and the player of the second naturally took Keiser's place, but the boy put in a claim for it and actually took it from him as the best player of the two. This was the cause of the attempt upon his life; and all these circumstances together led the managers to put an opera into his hand for composition—he finished it in a few weeks and it ran thirty nights. He soon with Mattheson divided the directorship and wrote three other successful operas. The Prince of Tuscany heard two of them and invited the composer to Italy. In three years he saved money enough to enable him to travel respectably, accepted the Prince's offer and went to Florence. In Italy he made such a tour from opera house to opera house, visiting Venice, Rome, Naples, &c., as Rossini did a century later, and came home with plenty of fame and money. Hanover at that time was a leading German capital, and Handel paid it a visit. At this time the Elector was heir to the throne of England, and many of the English nobility were there worshipping the dull, old rising sun. Having money enough, Handel concluded to accept the invitation of these nobles and visit London. Just at this time, 1710, Baron Kilmansegge had obtained the appointment from George, of Handel as kapellmeister, with a salary of 1500 crowns a year. The young man refusing this, because of his intended London journey, he was told this should not interfere, he should have the appointment with permission to go where he would for a year. (Rather appreciative, for a young man of 23!) The history of the opera "Rinaldo" need not be repeated. After his return to Hanover, he stayed two years and then obtained permission to visit London again, on condition of returning at a specified time.

He broke his engagement, and when his employer came over, in 1714, this fact and another, which need not be mentioned, had banished the composer from court. Then came the "Water Music" story, which is fact, and Handel was reinstated in his place and salary. Appreciated? Why, he lived for a long time at Burlington House, and at another period in the family of the Duke of Chandos. Appreciated? In poverty? Why, £50,000 were subscribed expressly for the performance of operas at the Haymarket, composed by him, Bononcini and Attilio Ariosti. The "Royal Academy of Music" in a few years sunk its capital, £250,000, (at a time when money was more valuable than now, and when the public was aghast that a great singer refused to come to London, though the offer of 1,000 guineas had been made!) but Handel had grown rich enough to join Heidegger in the attempt to carry on opera, and posted off to Italy and Germany to get singers. It would be a little singular if after all previous attempts to establish Italian Opera in London had failed, he should have succeeded. As it was, for a time things went on well; but a quarrel between him and his singers led to a breach with his noble patrons—the people had nothing to do with these things then—and soon a rival Opera was established. Both were bankrupt in 1737, and Handel had lost £50,000 which he had previously saved. So that a want of appreciation of Handel's talents had nothing whatsoever to do with the comparative poverty of the few following years. During this year he had an attack of palsy and went to Aix la Chapelle, where he was cured in six weeks and returned to his favorite London.

Now comes the time of "the furious cabal against him in England" and "the empty benches at his oratorios." His last two operas had been composed in 1736-7, and the Earl of Middlesex had paid him for them \$5000—appreciative that? He began his new career with "Alexander's Feast," followed with "Israel in Egypt," "L'Allegro ed il Penseroso," &c., &c.; wrote music for Vauxhall Gardens, where a marble statue by Roubillac had been erected at an expense of \$1000; published Concertos for various instruments, and against all the opposition of his personal enemies, met with that sort of success with the appreciative few, that on the 14th of April, 1759, he died in the 76th year of his age, worth one hundred thousand dollars. "When a composer is duly appreciated in his own country, he does not expatriate himself or reside permanently abroad," says the writer in the last number of your Journal. I leave it to the common sense of every reader, if Handel expatriated

himself because of any stupidity on the part of the "appreciative few" in Berlin, Hamburg or Hanover.

HAYDN.—"After thirty years of labor, or fifty-four thousand hours of work (for he was singularly methodical in appropriating five hours every day to composition, beginning at six o'clock in the morning,) he had laid by the sum of five thousand francs, \$1000." I quote this to show that M. Fétis is not only a wonderfully accurate historian but a great, Laplace-like sort of a mathematician.

Joseph Haydn, the oldest of the twenty children of a peasant mechanic in an Austrian Dorf, from his 8th to his 16th year supported himself on the regular salary of a singing boy in St. Stephen's Cathedral at Vienna. When his voice broke, the boy could not well go back to his father, there being no chance there to get his bread by music; he could do nothing else for a living, nor could the peasant support his son in idleness. However, he had had good instructors in the St. Stephen's School, and determined to try his luck as a teacher. He hired an attic room in the house where Metastasio lived, and the poet employed him to give lessons to a Miss Martinez in singing and on the piano-forte. Through him Haydn was then employed to play the accompaniments, when old Porpora gave singing lessons to the lady-love of the Venetian ambassador. In the summer the ambassador and his lady went to a watering place, and Porpora of course with them. Haydn, anxious to retain the advantages of Porpora's instructions—not given to him, got them by being present during the lady's lessons—hired himself to the old master as a sort of footman, for six ducats a month, to board with the officials, not servants, of the Venetian. This lasted three months, during which time he gained the praise of Gluck and Wagenseil, and other great men, for his skilful accompaniments. He studied composition alone.

At 18 years, we find him in Vienna again giving lessons at two gulden (\$1) a month, which increases to five before long, and enables him to take better lodgings. He gets sixty gulden a year for musical performances in one of the convents, attends three services at different churches Sundays and festival days as organist or singer, getting seventeen kreutzers—about twenty cents—for each, and evenings goes serenading with some friends, generally playing music of his own. One of these serenades procured him an opera to set, as is well known, which gained him twenty-four ducats, a sum, as he said years afterward, which made him consider himself a rich man. At this time his room was broken open and all he had was stolen, but there was even then an "appreciative few"—and one gave him a black suit, another supplied him with shirts, and Baron Fürberg took him into his house two months. This life he led until he was twenty-seven, 1759. Not knowing the value of his compositions, which he used to give his pupils, he threw away one source of income. This year he was appointed Music-director by Count Morzin, with a salary of two hundred gulden, free lodgings, and board with the Count's private secretaries and men of business—not his servants. It was at this time that he married the barber's daughter; not the one he loved, she went into a nunnery; but her sister; something like Mozart, though in Haydn's case the marriage was not happy. In 1760, twelve days before he completed his 26th year, he was appointed Kapellmeister by Prince Esterhazy, with a salary of four hundred gulden and other emoluments. This was a small salary and he worked very hard; but it was a life he loved, and though Gluck and other such men advised him to leave, and he had pressing offers from Salomon to visit England, yet he loved the Prince, was happy, and the mere offer of wealth did not affect him. Twice his house was burnt down and the Prince rebuilt it; and he had but to hint at leaving to get a present from Esterhazy any time. His conversations about this period of his life are on record, and they prove that it was no fault of the appreciative few that after thirty years of service, he was poor. At the death of Esterhazy, Sept. 28, 1790, according to Greisinger, a man who knew Haydn intimately many years and knew all about it, his property was 2000 gulden. A gulden is a florin, and an Austrian florin, says Murray, is two and a half francs, so that Fétis' thousand francs becomes 5000. Salomon was in Bonn or Cologne on his way to London when he heard that Esterhazy was dead. He turned at once towards Vienna, and reached that city in a few days. One afternoon, just as evening

was coming on, there was a knock on Haydn's door. "Come in!" and there stood his old acquaintance, Salomon, who had so urged him to come to London, and whom he had hitherto refused. The first thing the visitor said, as Haydn used to tell the story, was, "Come, get ready, in fourteen days you go to London!" Haydn—but there are some things which the musical reader is expected to know.

There is no one circumstance in Haydn's history that sustains the assertion that the appreciative few drove Haydn to England. All the sneers, and quotations from the Frenchman, and the logic (!), and the insinuations, and the rhetoric of your last week's correspondent to the contrary, notwithstanding. "The man who hired him having died, we (*do not*) find him obliged to seek a livelihood in a foreign land." The fact is, that Salomon was so afraid that he should not get him, that he gave him no time to try the Vienna public, and in eleven weeks after Esterhazy's death, he had him on the road—and this Salomon was one of the appreciative few Germans, and had only been in England nine years at the time. The King and Queen of England did all in their power to persuade Haydn to make England his residence, and the Queen promised him rooms in Windsor Castle for his summer abode. They offered to send for his wife, and urged him personally. [See Haydn's own Diary—those who can read German.] But he chose to return, as he expressed it, "to the household of his Prince," which, as we learn from your correspondent of last week, and from "his biographer—the accurate Fétis, I suppose—had always treated him so shabbily.

[Conclusion next week.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XLIII.

NEW YORK, March 13.—The last two concerts, "Philharmonic" and "Eisfeld's Soirée," have called out some fine specimens of criticism from our press. An instance or two are worth recording. Beethoven's first symphony in C has for forty-six years been considered as a curious example of the influence of works of acknowledged excellence upon the forms and style of a young artist—as being curiously imbued throughout with the characteristics of Mozart and Haydn, being especially Haydnish in the Andante—not of course slavishly so in its musical ideas, but in the mode of their expression. Now comes the critic of the *Albion* and says:

"A symphony of Beethoven's, whether it be his first or his last, is a work that always must command the attention of the critic, amateur, and musician. In the present instance we have his earliest symphonic work under consideration, a work marked by all the vigor, power and originality so characteristic of this author. Without being as intricate and difficult as most of his subsequent symphonic works, it is at least equally as agreeable, flowing, and fresh, and if it has not the classical grandeur of many of the subsequent symphonies, it is at least as rich in natural, brilliant, and glowing forms. The *Andante* particularly is most stamped with the peculiarities of his genius; and by way of parenthesis we may add, that the last movement seems so especially marked by the peculiarities of Mozart's genius, that it might be called plagiarism in a lesser mortal than Beethoven."

Another paper, speaking of Eisfeld's Soirée, at which a quartet from Haydn and one from Beethoven were played, finds a piano-forte Trio by Fesca "the gem of the evening!" A third referring to the same concert, gives his opinion of Eisfeld's song, and adds:

"The other vocal piece was a beautiful *Ave Maria*, by Kucken, a charming composition, which was exquisitely sung by Madame Bouchelle."

The programme announced it as an Aria from Mozart's *Figaro*.

March 18. I notice that a correspondent of *Dwight's Journal* repeats to-day a statement derogatory to the good sense of the London Philharmonic Society in regard to their treatment of Beethoven's Symphony in C minor. That Journal, Vol. II. No. 21, contains enough in relation to its first rehearsal to render it unnecessary to say more than that the statement is an entire mistake, and that upon its public production it was received with extraordinary applause. Does that correspondent know when the work was written, first performed in public, and first rehearsed in London?

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 25, 1854.

NEW VOLUME. On the Eighth of April our Journal will enter upon its third year, and with new assurances of public favor and success. Of course new subscriptions will be now in order. The majority of our subscribers will please bear in mind that their present subscription expires with another number. We trust they will all notify us, before the month is out, of their intention to *renew*; and that subscribers at a distance will see the reasonableness of our terms as advertised, viz: two dollars per annum in advance.

☞ All who do not expressly notify us of their wish to stop the Journal at the expiration of their term, will still continue to receive it, and be counted as subscribers for another year.

☞ No subscription received for a shorter period than six months; and none for less than a year, unless paid in advance.

☞ We have enclosed bills to a large number of subscribers who have not yet paid for the year now closing, and beg that they will promptly remit by mail or otherwise.

MEYERBEER'S NEW OPERA. A friend, to whom we have several times been indebted for like favors, translates for us a description of this new opera, whose success has been so complete in Paris, as to have become the topic. Spite of its Russian subject, it seems to ride safely on the heavy sea of anti-Russian public feeling. The plot, it will be seen, is but a variation upon the old plot of Peter the Great in the shipyards of Zandaam, which has served Lortzing for his *Czar und Zimmermann*, Jullien for his *Pietro il Grande*, and even Donizetti, if we remember rightly, for one of his forgotten earlier works.

We are happy to be able to present our readers this week with a continuation of the life of Mendelssohn. The writer, be he English or German, evidently chimes in with that peculiar English enthusiasm about Mendelssohn, which is continually frothing over in the *London Musical World*. We apprehend, however, that for the real, clear, quiet liquid that underlies the foam, one could well go to Germany, even to the "Schumannite Jesuits" of Leipsic. By the way, what does this biographer mean by placing Weber and Mendelssohn in the "same sphere?"

Admiring readers of "Charles Auchester" will follow this narrative with eager interest; but with but small results in the detection of correspondencies between the Seraphical fictions and the literal events of the historical Felix.

An enviable correspondent crows quite tantalizingly over a little oasis which he has discovered in the great circumambient Sahara of our New England "CHOIR SINGING." The list of pieces, which he kindly copies for us, is certainly encouraging. And this reminds us of a suggestion we have long wished to make. Why cannot the more cultivated choirs in our churches, of whatsoever faith, relieve sometimes the humdrum of the common market psalmody by a movement or two from some of the beautiful and truly religious Masses of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, Hummel, and others? When we witness the real enthusiasm with which this music inspires the little circles of friends, who for several winters have met to practice it, in private houses (and there have been not a few such in this neighborhood), we are inspired with a longing to hear something of the sort in public worship. Such music *would* be worship! There is the real, vital language of

the religious sentiment in it, untrammelled and undeadened by set creeds and forms. But we should insist upon the Latin words. It is a prejudice that would exclude them. For centuries those same few pregnant and expressive words have been wedded with the same devotional and musical themes. In the *Kyrie*, the *Gloria*, the *Crucifixus*, the *Benedictus*, &c., we have all the phases of the religious, Christian feeling fitly expressed, in words admirable for music. These are immortal, familiar texts, to which the musical composers give continually new and fresh exposition. What if they are not in our own vernacular? It is better, since the *meaning* lies more in the music, that the words be fit and few, and always the same, and not in any vernacular, but in some sort of consecrated universal language, which Roman, Frenchman, German, American or Russian equally may understand. Now who does not know the meaning of the *Gloria*? of the *Benedictus*?—Generations that grow up hearing certain sentiments continually sung to these words, have a vital apprehension of their meaning, without learning Latin. And what if the Mass has been always associated with the Roman Church? Is not inspired music, are not those large and generous texts, more truly Catholic than any church, and therefore fit to be adopted by all worshipping Humanity in God's Church Universal?

Could we have our way, (without of course dictating any *one* way for all persons and all cases), we would seek greater edification in the would-be-musical department of public worship, by making every musical service to consist of these three kinds, alternating in due proportions:

1. Organ voluntaries, fugues, &c., of the highest and noblest kind, impersonal, pervading the place as with a holier atmosphere, and charming the thoughts upward, as by a sort of spiral Jacob's Ladder of the Fugue, to heavenlier and purer states.

2. At least one plain Chorale, simple, grand, time-hallowed, familiar, sung in unison or harmony by all the congregation who can sing. A dozen or two of these were better than the thousands upon thousands of newly manufactured psalm-tunes. In the simplicity and grandeur of the thing would consist its ever renewed novelty.

3. Singing by a small trained choir, of artists,—at least in spirit and in feeling, and in general culture and refinement,—of pieces of a more artistic character, whose beauty and deep sentiment should penetrate the soul of the listeners. For this what better than extracts from the masses, as above suggested? We might also mention many admirable motets, hymns by Marcello, quartets, trios, &c., from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," or "St. Paul," much of the old Church of England service, &c. &c. There is no lack of good compositions for the purpose, if choirs will but cultivate acquaintance with them, instead of ringing everlasting changes on the short form of a psalm-tune. Psalm-tunes and waltzes are subject to the same fatality in regard to indefinite multiplication; beyond a certain number they will sound all alike.

We merely hint this thought. Observe it is only *one* plan among many, which we have no doubt might be adopted for the better.

THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY have made, as we expected, a very satisfactory reply to the charges of Mr. Bristow, which will

be found on another page. The document is manly, dignified, and reasonable.

Our "Diarrist," too, is making pretty thorough mincemeat of Mr. Fry's facts. We only regret that we could not give to-day the whole of his interesting and able communication.

Concerts.

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY. The fifteenth and last of the Subscription Concerts, with a programme almost entirely classical, filled the Music Hall with one of the largest and best pleased audiences of the season. It formed a noble and a fitting close to a series of Concerts, which have been so frequent and in the main so excellent, that one is startled by the thought that what had come to seem a settled habit of our lives, and part of "human nature's daily food," can come to an end, even for a season, and that we must dream of its return not without reckoning the uncertainties of all futures. But one thing, we opine, is certain: the appetite and love for great orchestral music is pretty thoroughly awakened in this community; it is one of the permanent social facts; and it will crave and will have its periodical and frequent gratification, so long as there is talent in the world that can supply it. The Germanians, we cannot doubt, will still find their interest year after year in bringing their perennial products of the Muses to this market, which can never relapse into settled dulness, in spite of any slight and temporary fluctuations. Meanwhile they have not yet left our city on their usual summer tour, to sow the good seeds of true musical taste, (and also reap, we trust, in more substantial kind) throughout the Southern, Western, Northern States, and Canada. They have yet a few weeks left here, which we doubt not they will improve by at least one farewell concert, which should be a bumper. At all events, the music-lovers have still the public rehearsals to fall back upon, every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, until the 8th of April; at these one always hears at least one good symphony and one good overture, with enough besides to tickle the heels of the waltzers, and revive the spirit of other days to the long fasting *habitués* and bouquet-flingers of the Italian Opera. (These latter, by the way, may ere long have their fling—not of bouquets indeed—at us tame symphony lovers; for do they not behold a stately edifice and Theatre of all their hopes looming before them in immediate prospect of completion,—substantial, made with hands!).

To return to the concert.

1. What an opening! The *ninth*, the Choral Symphony of Beethoven! We know not how many persons may have shared our own experience; but,—so we found it last year, and so it was again without the least shade of deduction, Saturday evening—this music was to us the most exciting, the most sense and soul-engrossing, the most satisfying, to which it has ever been our happiness to listen. Surely the most restless, far-yearning, unsatisfied, *blasé* being, that has tried all experiences, cannot fail, (if there be any spark of soul left in him,) to find something that recognizes and speaks to and speaks for all there is in him, in that grand Faust-like Allegro, which on the back-ground of a strange sense of emptiness (those naked fifths in the *tremolo* of the first bars) summons before us such giant shadows of Fate, and wrestles with them with heroic and

sublime resolve; the stern strife sweetened at intervals by themes of gushing tenderness out of the heart's truest depths. There is a grand note of preparation and of promise in that whole first movement, that shows us purple streaks of dawn as of a glorious day, even across all those colossal, Michael Angelo shadows of despair. Promise that cannot fail! Beethoven indeed always inspires you with that assurance from the moment that he takes you under his conduct, and no matter through what dark, mysterious depths he leads you. But never more strongly so than here. More than the ordinary developments of a symphony were foreshadowed in such a pregnant overture as that Allegro. (Most of our readers will recall Richard Wagner's really illustrative, if fanciful, parallel between the three first movements of this symphony and passages in Goethe's "Faust." Those hearers of the symphony who have not read it, will do well to refer to No. 18, Vol. II. of this Journal, where they will find it translated.) As for the performance, we could only wonder that so small an orchestra could bring out all the bold as well as the delicate outlines of such a piece with so much emphasis and clearness.

Equally successful was the quick-throbbing *staccato* of the joy-intoxicated Scherzo, full of the abandon of the natural, sensuous hey-day of youth and pleasure; and the pastoral humor (bassoon and oboe) of the episode where the time changes from triple to common. And after such vigorous trial of this kind of joy, this simple but not final solution of the great life problem, come the visitations of serener, sweeter, holier thoughts in one of the most heavenly of Adagios. This was rendered with most delicate expression. The first notes of the different parts in the first measure fall in one after the other, like sweet bells on the evening air. These prelude to the principal melody which, after the manner of a chorale, is given out in sentences or lines, the pause after each line being filled with an interlude echo of its last notes. And then with a change of key from B flat to D major, comes the second main theme, an unbroken stream of a more human and pathetic kind of melody, as of the private heart answering, in sweet tears of penitence and trust, to the consoling sentences of that more impersonal and holy theme. These two themes alternate throughout the Adagio; the melting melody runs into the most fine and exquisite divisions in the violins, which at other times by little pizzicato throbs and snappings of the strings break in upon the smooth flow of the general harmony only to testify their sympathy. How absurd and crazy this talk sounds indeed! And yet one who has the actual music still vibrating upon his spirit's nerves, will have felt what we mean and find some pleasure in the awkwardest tokens of another's recognition of it.

The Adagio was over; and one "recovered himself" (to speak common prose, which sometimes is just the opposite of soul's truth) with a sort of shudder to find that one of the most perfectly harmonious and brimming hours vouchsafed to this mortal life had passed. For with the heavenly comfort of the Adagio, this hearing of the Choral Symphony was cut short. No Choral climax followed; the completion of this grand poetic and musical design in the idea of Unity and Brotherhood, of the embrace of all the millions, and the merging of the human in

the divine in one universal hymn to Joy, was relentlessly withheld from us. It would have been far better to have had it, even with imperfect singing, if only to fulfil the expectation raised and heightened by each successive instrumental movement thus far. We longed at least to hear again the great, impatient recitative of the double-basses, trying over by turns and dismissing all the preceding themes, and finally their discovery of the Joy theme and its bursting forth into singing. The voices would at least have answered for the frame work to hold the exceedingly interesting orchestral parts together, and help the imagination to sketch out the entire design.

Of one thing we could not but be conscious, even when most entirely absorbed in the music; and that was of the unusual degree of attention and interest with which the great mass of the audience listened. During no instrumental performance, at which we were ever present in a large assembly, have the signs of a pervading interest been more unmistakeable. The presence or absence of such sympathy in an audience is something one can feel and measure without much scrutiny of outward demonstrations. That audience was ripe for the last great movement with the chorus, and would have followed it with eagerness we have no doubt. But instead of Schiller and Beethoven, we had to quench our eagerness in Meyerbeer; instead of the "Hymn to Joy" the expectant spirit had to adjust itself to

2. An Aria from "Robert le Diable;" a beautiful, pathetic, serious aria indeed, and sung with true style and expression by Miss LEHMANN. It was music enough to fill many a void, but not the void left by the non-completion of the Choral Symphony.

3. The fifth Concerto for violin, with orchestra, by De Beriot, was finely played by WILLIAM SCHULTZE. A spirited composition in the best style of its author, far less hacknied than most violin concertos, and not too long.

4. The Scherzo again from Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony, which has become a great favorite, and welcome in all concerts.

5. Part Second opened with a revival of the romantic overture to *Tannhäuser*, of which enough has probably been said in this column in the earlier part of the season. Suffice it to say that this time the charm did not fail, and that Richard Wagner, so far as this work shows him, has made a deep impression on our truest music-lovers.

6. Mr. HELLER repeated the two last movements, Adagio and Allegro, from the wonderful piano Concerto, in E flat, of Beethoven, which was first introduced to us entire at the preceding classical concert. The Adagio, of course, lost much of its effect thus unprepared by the first and principal movement; yet it has the peculiar virtue of a Beethoven Adagio. The brilliant Rondo produces a singular effect by an ambiguity of rhythm, the theme being in six-eight measure, with the phrasing of three-four; so that the former livelier rhythm, which is the true rhythm of the piece, seems struggling from the detention of the latter.

7. Some of the printed bills deluded their holders with the expectation next of Schubert's "Erl King." But no such hope was gratified. ECKERT'S "Swiss Song," the pretty echo piece which he wrote for Sontag, to offset the Lind

echoes, was the piece now chosen by the LEHMANN, as if to show that not alone by Sontag could it be effectively presented. We certainly were surprised and charmed by the power and beauty of her rendering. But in such a concert one had reason to expect something higher in one of the songs, at least.

8. The concluding overture was of the modern, third-rate German, noisy, over-strained, struggling for much and coming to nothing order; now making desperate efforts at the pathetic, and then as desperately abandoning them for the lightest jingle. We mean the overture by Kretzer to *Das Nachtlager in Granada* (The night Camp in Grenada.)

MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY. We had the pleasure of listening on Monday evening to one of the Public Rehearsals which this Society has been giving for some weeks past; and a very pleasant, richly varied, sociable sort of entertainment it was. We found the Meisonaon so crowded with listeners, both the floor and organ loft, that only standing places, and those scarcely inside the doors, remained for the late comers. At a little desk in front of the platform at the lower end of the hall stood Herr Conductor KREISSMANN, and on either side of him in lines across the corners, like two wings, were ranged the male and female choirs, a hundred, or hundred and fifty strong. Our ears were saluted, as we drew near, by the jubilant strains of the first chorus in the "Messiah." And the glory of the Lord, which was sung with much spirit and fine unity and balance of voices.

Then followed a charming duet by Miss DOANE and Mr. KREISSMANN, from Mozart, sung with rich, clear, penetrating voice on the part of the lady, and in excellent style on both parts. A chorus from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" followed quite impressively. An elaborate Italian Aria, by Carafa, was sung by Miss DOANE; a bass song, by a gentleman whose name we did not hear, with a powerful bass voice; and a very beautiful sacred Quartet, of a cheerful character, by Novello, by four finely balanced voices, among which we were struck by the fresh and musical quality of a soprano, new to our ears. Mr. WILCOX added a fine element to the variety, which we wish were more common in musical soirées, in some good organ-playing; among other things he played that pathetic fugue, from the "Messiah," one of the very best things in the oratorio: *And with his stripes, &c.*, for a conclusion to which he aptly appended the solemn close to the chorus: *All we like sheep, viz., And the Lord hath laid on him, &c.* Handel's jubilant chorus: *See the conquering hero comes!* and other choruses were sung.

The HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY gave another highly successful performance of "Moses in Egypt" last Sunday evening; and have now resolved themselves, again, for the time being, into Committee of the Whole for new rehearsals.

Mlle. DE LA MOTTE's Soirées closed on Monday evening, with a rich selection. The lady herself performed one of the Trios of Mendelssohn, with the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB; and for solos, Thalberg's fantasia on the prayer in *Moïse*, and Prudent's on *Lucia di Lammermoor*. The Quintette Club performed also a

Quartet of Mozart's (No. 8, in F), a Quintet with clarinet, by Weber, and one of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," arranged by Ryan.

Mr. APTOMMAS's Harp Soirées also came to an end on Tuesday,—as we hear, with much éclat, although the harpist rose from a sick bed to perform his duty, which we are sorry to see he made doubly arduous for himself by the unnecessary old Simon Stylites sort of penance of playing on two harps at once!

GERMANIA REHEARSALS.—Last Saturday afternoon we had the Pastoral Symphony, finely played as far as the conclusion of the Storm, and there suddenly left hanging in mid air—as it was once by Jullien—by that sunny flute passage which forms the transition to the last movement. We wondered how it was possible to stop there.

On Wednesday last the Rehearsal opened with three of the four movements to Spohr's descriptive Symphony, "Consecration of Tones." The overture to *Die schöne Melusine* was also played to the great delight of all who appreciate Mendelssohn in his most romantic and unique vein. (See a paragraph about its origin in the biographical sketch on a preceding page.)

Musical Intelligence.

NEW YORK.—The ladies of Grace Church have recently given a complimentary concert to their chief singer, Mrs. BODSTEIN, better known in these parts as Miss JULIA NORTHAALL. Niblo's saloon was "filled with the fashionable fair, whose favorite Mrs. B. has always been." Mr. BURKE, the violinist, and other excellent artists, assisted, and the whole thing is said to have been both choice and successful.

MUSIC IN THE SOUTH WEST. The shooting stars of our half of the musical firmament seem to have been all tending to a focus about New Orleans for some time. SONTAG has been giving concerts there, with Jaell and Camille Urso; and more recently has appeared in Italiap Opera, as Rosina, &c. Mobile, Natchez, &c. have also had a share of her sweet singing. JULLIEN has given concerts and *bals masqués* there, too, with great success, and was announced for three concerts in Mobile. OLE BULL and STRAKOSCH have been hovering about in the same region, and had got back as far as St. Louis. We read also of a contemplated operatic excursion of Mme. SONTAG into Mexico. BISCACCANTI and Miss CATHERINE HAYES were still rivalling each other in delighting the excitable inhabitants of Lima.

But New Orleans seems to have been the brilliant musical metropolis of late, having its permanent supply of good French opera, and boasting triumphant performances of *Les Huguenots*, &c., in addition to the visitations of the stars aforesaid.

PHILADELPHIA.—In the absence of any imposing public performance of music here this winter, more attention than usual has been paid to private musical entertainments; and among others a series of soirées given by Mr. H. Thorbecke at Scherr's Saloon have given great delight to the limited but appreciative company that had the privilege of attending them. The closing one took place last evening. The programme included a septuor of Beethoven, a sextuor of Onslow, a trio of Mayseder, piano solos of Liszt, Mendelssohn, Henselt and Hummel, played by Mr. Thorbecke himself, and a couple of vocal pieces. The execution of all these was admirable, and the favor with which the instrumental concerted pieces were received shows a growing love for the pure and elegant works of the classic composers.—*Bulletin*.

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F. F. MÜLLER.

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AND ORGANIST at the Old South Church; ORGANIST of the Handel and Haydn Society; ORGANIST of the Musical Education Society, &c. &c. &c.

Residence, No. 3 Winter Place, Boston. 117

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